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REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • MARCH 18, 1992

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CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

LETTERS

where are we?

To the editor:

I want you to know that reading your winsome publication is the only thing that makes me relax while here in Provo. From the moment I step off the plane (or out of the car) each semester, I automatically tense up while thoughts of conforming, clean-cut, cookie-cutter capitalists plague my brain. Your writers, editors, cartoonists, even letter-writers are what I selfishly like to call "my kind of people," and you all make me feel right at home. My only question is: Where are you people?

I've been at BYU three years now and all I've run into are the afore-mentioned types who really make me nervous. I've had a plethora of roommates, none of whom I've been able to share my true, whole self. They've all been the "Growing Pains" watching. Hot 94.9 listening, just don't understand "Bloom County" kind of people. The men I meet usually take a flying leap as soon as I mention my reptile collection or the words "gender equality." Come to think of it, so do the women.

I realize that it is my choice to keep coming back here, but I come in hopes of finally finding that circle of folks who are going to accept me in my entirety; who will meet me for the first time, take me in their arms, look me in the eye and say, "It's okay. We understand." Who won't make me listen to Kurt Bestor every Sunday and who will let me watch "Married With Children."

Please. I'm on the verge of transferring to another school. Help stop me from making such an academically foolish mistake. Tell me, oh great mentors o' mine, where are you?

Name Withheld By Request

Where are we? Meetings in the Maeser Building every Tuesday at 6:00 PM. Our phone number's in the book. Come and play. Don't go to another school, dear friend. BYU desperately needs people like you!

get going

To the Editor:

When I first began reading Amy Landbeck's "We've got a long way to go, baby" (3-4), I thought "Finally someone is writing the article I've wanted to write so many times after experiencing the same treatment from guys in my major." I could write volumes about such experiences. Don't get me started!

Amy did a great job, until she got to the part where she changed her major; so now I have a couple of things to say about being a female computer science major.

First of all, the small-minded guys are in the minority. Most of them, including all my professors (with the exception of one egomaniac whose name I won't mention) have been very cool and, if anything, have respected me for being one of two or three women in class. Second, I hope Amy changed her major because she wanted to, and not because she couldn't take the harassment, as she stated in her article. If it was the latter reason, then she is perpetrating and validating the attitude that women can't handle technical majors, and I have just one thing to say to her:

If you think we've got such a long way to go, then GET GOING!

—April Weight
San Jose, California

view from the right

To the editor:

I think that my room-mate would like to respond to Carrie Hamer's article "Don't Give Me Any More of That Right-brain/Left-brain Crap." Unfortunately he is far too right-brained to phrase a logical response to her argument. But ever since he read the thing, he's been repeating this poem over and over and over. I am including a transcription.

brain and brain
what is brain?
carrie angry
angry
angry
too much left-brain
me all right-brain
right
right
brain.
right?



—Matthew Swensen writing for e. e. woodruff
Sandy, Utah

my lunch (almost) with rex



kay, by a show of hands, how many of you out there are still annoyed about the whole "Lunch with Rex Lee" thing?

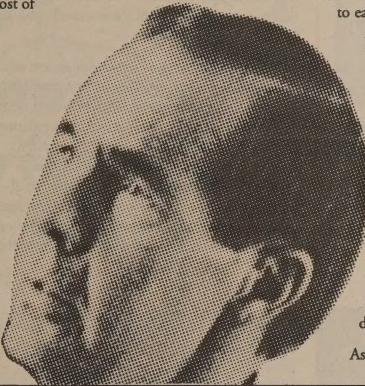
That's what I thought. I was (like most of you) excited to read the *Daily Universe* headline that said "Lucky Students To Lunch With Lee." It was amazing! All I had to be was one of the first 16 callers to BYUSA, and I could have lunch with President Lee. What a deal! However, my joy soon turned to sorrow when I was informed by a snoopy lady on the BYUSA hotline that all the "Eat with Rex" slots were filled.

When I received the news, I was dumbfounded. It was just past 8 a.m. when I called! That meant that Rex would have to eat with 16 people who were so square that they were up on campus before 8 a.m. Either that, or employees of the *Daily Universe*.

I spent the next two days in deep depression. My hopes of making the big time—

Lunch with Rex—were dashed forever. I

knew that things were bad when I went to a basketball game and found one of the Couglettes attractive. (I'm not sure if this was caused by my mentally altered state or the fact that she was one of the only dark-haired members of the squad and looked just like Courtney Cox, Alex Keaton's second



girlfriend on *Family Ties*.)

After a few days, I was calm enough to sort through my feelings (about lunch with Rex, not the Cougrette). An article in the *Daily Universe* said that over 500 people had called BYUSA about the lunch, so I took comfort in knowing I wasn't alone in my sorrow. The article also said the response was so great because students really wanted to talk to President Lee about important issues at BYU. That's not why I wanted to have lunch with Rex—I just thought it would be cool.



I have never met Rex Lee, but I have seen him at basketball games and he seems like a pretty funky guy. I thought it would be fun to have lunch with him. (I went to UVCC last year and not once did I have a chance to eat with President Romesberg.)

Perhaps my expectations of this whole "Chow with the Chief" thing were a little too much. I don't know what got into me, but I had visions of Rex and I becoming buddies after the luncheon. I imagined Rex coming up to me after the meal and saying, "Matt, I like you a lot! Would you like to come to my home this Sunday and have dinner with my family?" Eventually, I would become one of Rex's close personal friends. It would become common to receive phone calls from Rex: "Matt, our family is going to Lake Powell next weekend and we're wondering if you wanted to come." Things might even get to the point of, "Matt, have you ever considered dating my daughter?"

As it stands now, none of this will ever happen, nor unless the *Universe* has another surprise deal and I just happen to be on

campus at 7:30 a.m.

However, dreams die hard, so I'm not giving up my plans for a causal meal with the president of the school I attend. I would like to extend an invitation to Rex Lee to have lunch with me some time. To prove I'm not just looking for a free meal, the lunch will be my treat. Due to my limited funds, we'll have to eat at either the Cougareat or Pizza Hut, but that shouldn't keep us from having a fun time.

Well, Rex, that's my offer. Give me a call (I'm in that little BYU phone book) and we'll set up a time that's convenient for you. I hope to hear from you. △

by matthew workman

groovy! it's laundromat love

I seen the Amy Grant video, but I never thought it would happen to me. I found love in the laundromat.

Being a full-time student, I'd kind of been procrastinating my domestic chores. I'd had a couple mid-terms, a paper or two, and some late night life-or-death bonding conversations with my roommate. So my laundry had accumulated a little. I had six loads.

I finally got sick of buying new underwear and realized I just had to break down and wash. I filled six Hefty bags, borrowed a friend's van, and drove down to the neighborhood laundromat. There were only three free washers, so I filled them and sat down.

Just as I was carrying my soggy clothes from the washers to

should've.

He stood there talking to me, asking me where I lived and all the typical get-to-know-you stuff. The string from his laundry bag was too tight around his fingers and the tips were turning purple, but he didn't seem to mind. I refilled the washers. I see my plastic laundry basket on top of the machine. All that was in it was a black lace bra that can't go in the dryer. He glanced over at it and made a funny face. I put the basket down on the floor behind me.

We chatted there for half an hour and I couldn't believe how well we hit off. My roommate's boyfriend had been in this guy's mission. He didn't know him, but he told me everything he'd heard from the other missionaries about him. I found out that a girl in his ward lived on my floor in

the dorms and was now dating his roommate's best friend. And his aunt lived in the same town as my grandparents. I felt like I already knew him, since we had so many mutual friends. Our conversation was so incredible that the time just flew by.

I started getting my things out of the dryer so I could let him use the washer (I'd noticed that two were available down the row behind him; but I didn't want to say anything). I was taking out the old t-shirts I'd kept from the

tenth grade to wear running and painting and so forth. One said, "Be alert. The world needs more lerts." Another said, "Objects under this shirt are larger than they appear." He was reading them and I couldn't turn them around fast enough. Oops.

I have this pair of size sixteen jeans that I love to lounge around in. When I pulled them out of the dryer and shook them out, his eyes got big and he leaned around to look at me. I quickly turned to find my smaller jeans, and when I pulled them out, three pairs of Hanes-for-her briefs fell on the floor. One was bright pink, one turquoise, and one purple. He instinctively leaned down to get them (and since my hands were full) I let him set them in the basket. My face was bright red, and so was his.

I wanted him to say something slightly annoying so I could throw a sweatshirt at him and we could have a clothes fight just like that video. (I love Amy Grant.) But he didn't. He just put his clothes in the washer and sat down with me in one of the orange vinyl chairs with big square cushions. He bought peanut butter cups from the vending machine and gave me one. He's so thoughtful. I really like him. As we snuggled under my warm comforter, I knew I'd found true love. △

by a. kylie momasa

the dryers, I saw him. He was beautiful. He had obviously dressed from the corner of his last drawer, like me. But he looked great. The silver from the dryers around him brought out the sparkle in his eyes.

He said, "Can I have this washer?" and my heart pounded. I told him I had three more loads and he asked if I was doing laundry for a friend. I didn't think to lie, but I probably

February 14, 2:05 p.m., LRC of the MCKB

Frustrated woman: I have a strange relationship with God. The other day, I told him, "Look, you made me this libidinous—so why don't you let me get married?"

March 3, 3:45 p.m., ELWC step-down lounge

Handicapped Week volunteer to four males: Okay, I'll make you a deal. If you each take one other handicap, I'll let you all have wheelchairs.

February 12, 11:30 p.m., apartment on the south side of Provo

Curious: Did you kiss him?

Unimpressed: Yeah, but it wasn't a big deal or anything. It was just on the lips.

February 4, 7:04 a.m., MSRB steps

Male #1: Do you want a piece of gum?

Male #2: No, I brush my teeth.

February 5, 10:37 p.m., Richmond Court

Male: Let me get this straight. You don't go out with him, you just hang out with him.

Female: No, I make out with him.

campus life insider trading tips #2: who is the eavesdropper?

One of the most oft-asked philosophical questions in Provo (second only to the question "Is Coke really a hot drink?") is and will always be "Who is the Eavesdropper?"

Who is it that lurks in carrels in the library, hunches over in booths in the Cougar, and hangs out in the Twilight Zone—neck craned, ears flapping, pen ready?

All we know is that the Eavesdropper sent us a letter offering his services about five years ago, and what has resulted is a mutually rewarding symbiotic relationship. The rest is left to speculation. Some think the Eavesdropper is a frustrated former Standards' employee, well-trained in reconnaissance techniques who left after a fall-out with Standards counselors regarding what exactly constituted the "no bra look." Grant Solomon reportedly maked contact with the spirit of the

b y j o a n n a b r o o k s

All of this, of course, is philosophical musing. The campus life

staff recommends that students seeking answers about the nature of the Eavesdropper should not be misled by the philosophies of men and should consult with higher authorities.

Hints for care and feeding of the eavesdropper:

As a condition for delivering us such masterful quotes, the Eavesdropper has issued a few key standing demands. The campus life staff must purchase a six-pack of YooHoo chocolate drinks, a box of Vivarin, a quart of Swedish meatballs from the Smith's service deli, a gallon of Aloe Vera juice, and the latest *Weekly World News*, and place these items in a BYU Bookstore canvas "Recycle Bag" where the railroad tracks cross highway six near what used to be the town of Thistledown in Spanish Fork Canyon on Tuesday nights between 11:26 and 11:32 p.m. In return, the Eavesdropper will leave the list of quotes for us in an envelope marked "Charo—General Delivery—Goshen, Utah" at the Goshen, Utah post office by Friday morning at 9 a.m.

When we have failed to meet these demands, the staff has accumulated some other rules and observations for dealing with the Eavesdropper. We present these for public benefit:

- The Eavesdropper does not accept fashion tips.
- Do not try to "G.Q." the Eavesdropper.
- Do not assume the Eavesdropper is Republican. It gets very angry when you do.
- If the Eavesdropper starts to smoke, stand back and cover your head.
- The Eavesdropper generally does not date; however, the Eavesdropper has been seen in the Soul Room at the Ivy Tower when Ladies' Night coincides with the full moon.
- The Eavesdropper does not want to buy any of your fake perfume.
- The Eavesdropper does not eat taco salad.
- Do not taunt the Eavesdropper.

• Do not act like you know who the Eavesdropper is. If you say out loud that you know that so-and-so is the Eavesdropper, the real Eavesdropper will hear you and place small incendiary devices in so-and-so's car.

There it is, friends. The thus far accumulated body of data on the Eavesdropper. Further research, speculation, and observations are of course welcomed. △

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**1. frisbee, 2. jouissance,
3. people who can say "no"
without making you feel lame for
having asked, 4. Burma,
5. Darrell Spencer, 6. chocolate
milk, 7. Earth Week,
8. Golden retrievers, 9. hemlock,
10. little brothers, 11. Joanie
Loves Chachi, 12. Oklahoma,
13. spaghetti squash, 14. "aura
of rebellion", 15. Mother Goose,
16. starry, starry nights,
17. sage, 18. honey-dipped
doughnuts, 19. primal screams,
20. Curious George**

BOTTOM TEN 1. skin cancer,
2. rejection letters, 3. chlorine,
4. Chia wigs, 5. winter
tomatoes, 6. BYU Spring Formal,
7. date rape, 8. the Grand
Poobahs, 9. CDU, 10. kicking
against the pricks

Later, humanist thinker Renee DesKaysville, in her imitable yet disturbing radical individualist style, took the Eavesdropper role upon herself, stating, "I eavesdrop, therefore I am."

After an especially turbulent semester spent storming around in the library and eating the day-old bakery products in the Twilight Zone, visiting professor Alfred Campus declared "Hell is the Eavesdropper" as he was leaving the state via Highway 89.

BYU Physical Plant worker and ultra-conservative Fred Nitches, who in his off hours researched a cure for AIDS using highly caustic tile cleaners, stated his opinion on the nature of the Eavesdropper during an interview with the *Daily Universe*, saying, "The Eavesdropper is dead."

Shortly thereafter, early feminist thinker LaSimone LaBouquet claimed at a secret meeting of feminist thinkers in the basement of the JKHB during the full moon that the "Eavesdropper is the Other is feminine is appropriated and objectified."

Meanwhile, speaking to a capacity Marriott Center audience during a forum which also featured the Orem Children's Dance Company and a large scale helium balloon release, nice guy and faculty emeritus philosopher E. Manuel Levitation advised students, "Just be nice to the



me, my roommate, and his girlfriend: a love/hate story

The background: Tito, Matt, Shane and I live together, some of the time. You see, Tito (not his real name, although anyone who knows him has called him Tito at least twice) has got himself a girlfriend whom we call K-10 for two reasons. One, K-10 is a moniker derived from her real name, and two, when she started stealing Tito away, we considered her to be only slightly better than a canine. Of course there are good points, intermediate points, and bad points of the relationships we maintain.

We will begin with the bad. To start off, let me say that I am from Tennessee, and my three comrades who form the rest of the apartment presidency are from upstate New York. My people are from Georgia, North Carolina, and Mississippi, and many of them fought in the War Between the States. I would paint the Confederate Stars and Bars on my ceiling if possible and I would kill my Yankee roommates at 3 a.m. tomorrow morning if the Civil War started up again tonight. Trouble is, Tito probably wouldn't be here at 3 a.m. Four nights a week he won't be here, although he has been doing better. (We're proud of you this week, Tito.) We know that whenever he picks up a book (like he's really going to read it) and disappears, he's gone for the night.

The next bad point is the talk, and there's lots of it. His, ours, and theirs. His talk can be divided into "her" and "not me." As much as he denies it, he is always mentioning "her": K-10, K-10, K-10 (which is also the name police dispatchers used to refer to Rin Tin Tin). It's pretty much the basics: she's a hot mama; she's in design; she lets me kiss her all the time. Yes, that kind of rhymes because that's what he sings before dates and after phone calls with her.

Now for the "not me." Last semester, Tim lived here but Tim got married over Christmas, and I returned from my Tract-Aboard program and moved in with my old friend Tito.

Right after the semester started and before Tito and K-10 became full blown, we were hanging around late one night after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tim, and the discussion turned to how much time Tim had spent last semester with his bird. Tito was particularly vehement, "Tim never got in until two every night!" Shane responded with, "Yeah, yeah!" and Matt with, "He forgot about us, his roommates!" Look at Tito now. A rapid drop. Just last night Tito talked how good he was doing, not forgetting us now that he's got a girlfriend. Matt and I didn't believe him. Shane would have disagreed as well, but he teaches at the MTC and therefore goes to bed shortly after his pupils. K-10 had just left, so that tells you how late it

was.

Our talk consists of basically these two comments: "She'll dump him by April," and "Did you see K-10 run her fingers across the back of my shoulders when she walked past?" The usual stuff one would expect. Their talk is trying to determine how to outfit the night or the weekend before. They also have to figure out what to do besides smooch all night. Hey, that reminds me. Inside our front door on the wall there used to reside a horn. One honk meant, "Hello, I'm home." Two honks meant, "Hello, I'm home, and I scored!" Now, the first time Tito did the double honk, it was pretty funny, and we were proud that he got to honk. We saw the prelude action that night in our living room, so we were only waiting for it. Unfortunately, Tito was double honking so much we had to take the dang thing down.

The intermediate points of this big relationship aren't too bad. I like K-10. I do. I know that if they break up, K-10 will express some interest in me. Tito, don't worry, mate. I'll refuse. In addition, she gives Tito food occasionally, and sometimes the rest of us get a wee bite. We also are able to carry on conversations with K-10.

There are good points, but we won't discuss them all. Two examples will have to do. First, us four apartment #74 dwellers stopped by K-10's before the last big fire sale and caught her and her roommate backing out of their parking space. Leaving the car right there, K-10 went inside with Tito and Shane. Matt and I hopped in with her roommate Sam, Matt in the back, me in the driver's seat. When K-10 came out she wanted to drive Tito's car, so she let me drive her car. Me. I was really impressed by that K-10. Second, she's letting me go on a date (gasp) with her best friend.

b y c l a y m . c a l l a w a y

Good thing she won't see this until after the date.

Having a roommate with a girlfriend is pretty cheesy much of the time, especially when we see them sitting on the loveseat (formerly known to us as the short couch), legs intertwined like pasta. On the other hand, he has got a woman whom he obviously likes and who likes him. Unlike the rest of us. Occasionally in short bursts I do feel happy for them, and I wish them good luck, but not godspeed. And K-10, if you don't like this, please don't get even by trying to touch me. I hate that. I really do. You know I'm not joking. △

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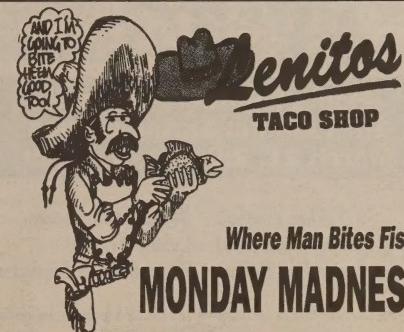
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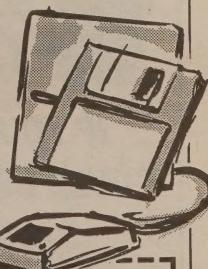
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ISSUES & OPINIONS

lamenting renting: a response to dave freeman

David R. Freeman, principle owner of the Glenwood, Riviera, Raintree and Cambridge Court apartments, published an article in *The Daily Universe* in which he tries to lull single students into thinking that all is well in Provo and that the massive profits landlords make are only a myth. As anyone who has truly suffered in this "landlords' town" knows, he fails miserably.

Mr. Freeman says that apartments only make a 5 to 10 percent annual return on investment. That figure may seem low to some, but renters need more information before they can appreciate what this figure actually means. If Mr. Freeman means that landlords make a 5 to 10 percent annual return on their *original* investment (which he does), then landlords are doing *extremely* well in "America's most livable city."

Suppose a landlord invests in four apartment buildings at the cost of \$250,000 per building. A 5 to 10 percent annual return on such an investment would yield \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year.

by edward armstrong

After 10 years of earning 5 to 10 percent, our hypothetical landlord would receive a return of \$500,000 to \$1,000,000! But this is small potatoes compared to what a landlord makes when he sells or refinances the property. Mr. Freeman admits in his article that "the big incentive for landlords are the profits [they make] at the time they sell their properties." He neglects to tell us why these profits are such a 'big incentive.' One of the reasons is the appreciating value of rental housing.

Apartments increase in value due to the increasing value of the land they are built on and the increasing cost of constructing new housing. Remember that many landlords have already earned well over the original construction or purchase cost of their investment before they decide to sell, which means anything they make will be a profit. Taking the above into account, let's revisit our hypothetical landlord. Three years after his original investment, he decides to sell one of the properties he purchased at \$250,000. If he has been earning a 10 percent return on his original investment, then he has received \$300,000, enough to entirely pay off one building. He can then sell that apartment at the appreciated price of \$260,000, a very respectable profit.

Mr. Freeman also says that "if very high profits were the rule, many more apartments would be built," an interesting admission considering that Mr. Freeman is currently building a new apartment complex. Yes, new apartments are being built in Provo—but not many. Landlords would rather buy old apartments in order to avoid the increasing cost of constructing new housing. Landlords also prefer purchasing old apartments over building new ones because tax laws permit landlords to make a substantial deduction from their taxable income when they buy an already-existing building. Tax laws allow landlords to claim a depreciation on their newly-purchased property even when the actual value of the land is increasing.

Mr. Freeman then tries to discredit the notion that landlords make big profits by saying that approximately 50 percent of a landlord's income goes towards mortgage payments. This isn't really much of loss for the landlord because of what he can make tax-free if he opens a second mortgage or refinances his property. Imagine that a landlord buys a building for \$100,000 with \$20,000 down and an \$80,000 loan. After several years the building is worth \$120,000 and the monthly rent checks have reduced the principal outstanding on the loan to \$60,000. The landlord can then opt to refinance the building by taking out a second mortgage, say for \$100,000. He can then pay off the \$60,000 owed on the old loan and pocket the remaining \$40,000. He won't have to pay any capital gains tax on the \$40,000 because it is in the form of a loan, not the proceeds from a sale.

True, this procedure does have a drawback. The landlord will have to make higher monthly payments on his new loan—but this problem is easily solved by raising the rents. Which he does, of course, regularly.

Mr. Freeman also claims that landlords don't make big profits because they have a lot of expenses which cut into their income. Two of the expenses he cites are taxes and utilities. True, these hit us all, but if landlords have cause to lament these costs, then renters are more than justified in complaining about these expenses because *they* have to spend a higher percentage of their income on taxes and utilities than landlords do. I doubt that the cost of utilities makes as significant a dent in the landlord's income as it does in the renter's for the simple reason that landlords push the weight of utility costs onto the tenant.

Mr. Freeman's article seems to be asking renters not to resent exploitation, but instead to console themselves with the thought that things could be worse. Such a simplistic approach to renter frustrations won't make them go away. As long as renters feel the crunch of high rent and the limited availability of low-income housing, they will complain and will be entirely justified in doing so. By high rent, I mean rent that demands more than 35 percent of a tenant's gross income, which is common in Provo. Let me illustrate my point with a personal reference. I am a full-time college student, trying to save for my upcoming marriage, with time to earn only \$200 to \$250 a month. Last month I had to pay \$171.33 in rent, a full 71% of my monthly income. As a result, I was left with only \$69.99 for food, transportation, and health care. I ended up eating only one meal a day and sacrificing health care. You can imagine how I felt when Mr. Freeman announced that he was raising the rent another \$10 next year.

Despite Mr. Freeman's attempt to improve public perception of landlords, renters will always resent landlords who are making profits at their expense. Renters just can't feel very sympathetic towards their landlords as long as they have to decide each month between eating three meals a day or paying the rent. I also doubt that renters will gain any benefit from Mr. Freeman's advice: "Take the time to find what you want; you should be happy where you live." Considering the thousands of renters who are all looking for the best available apartments, obviously only a handful of them will end up in "Happy" Valley. △



all i really need to know about government i learned from ben and jerry

The movement towards "political correctness" and "new-age ideology," confined until recently to the underground world of university students and quirky academics, has recently become public fare. People from every sector of mainstream society are starting to recycle, eat less meat, and take an interest in such traditional leftist bugaboos as pollution control, AIDS research, animal rights activism, and peace. This new-age political agenda has already penetrated most aspects of our society and is making significant inroads into the one thing that, above all else, makes America great. I am talking, of course, about ice cream.

This year's award for "most politically correct company" goes to Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream, a Vermont-based company that has become almost as famous for promoting causes as for making ice cream. The company operates under a strict 5:1 salary cap: no company employee—including Ben or Jerry—can earn more than five times as much money as the lowest-paid full-time

worker. Furthermore, the company gives its employees released time for community service, buys dairy products only from family farms, and donates 7.5 percent of its pre-tax income to a charitable foundation that invests in AIDS research, environmental protection, and world disarmament.

Despite being the pinkest thing in ice cream since bubble gum, Ben and Jerry's has managed to become the second-largest distributor of premium products in the business. Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield, the company's CEO's, have parlayed their supremely unusual ice cream flavors (raw chocolate chip cookie dough and brownies right in the ice cream!) and their oh-so-politically-correct flavor names ("Cherry Garcia," "Rainforest Crunch") into a marketing strategist's dream come true. More impressively, these guys started a national distribution campaign during the worst recession in fifty years, charge three dollars a pint for a purely unnecessary luxury (in a market where some companies sell a comparable product for three dollars a

gallon), and have customers begging for more.

Clearly, Ben and Jerry's provides an excellent model for anyone wanting to make their mark on the frozen confection world. As America moves into its third year of economic recession (or, if you ask George Bush, its third week), it may be wise to turn to the PC ice cream kings for something more substantial than dessert. Ben and Jerry's corporate structure suggests the possibility of fundamental corporate restructuring, and as Congress and the president try to encourage economic recovery, such restructuring may become a practical necessity. In a recent interview, Ben Cohen made an observation that goes right to the heart of our country's economic woes: "I don't see any way that you can justify somebody making one million dollars or more a year when the local workers aren't making enough to afford a house."

by mike austin

One way to address these income inequalities on a national level would be to add a "Ben and Jerry's" clause in the next tax code. The tax would work like this: everybody in a company would pay a graduated income tax geared to the salary of the lowest-paid full-time employee. Managerial salaries that were less than five times higher than this figure would be taxed at the lowest rate, and as the disparity increased, so would the taxation. If enforced strictly enough, it would simply not be profitable for a CEO to make an outlandish salary without distributing that wealth among employees. Furthermore, middle-manage-

ment employees would put pressure on company officers to keep the salary floor high in order to protect their incomes. Such a tax structure would have a direct impact on the lowest-paid ten percent of the

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a malcontent's rejoinder

Opponents of a multicultural, gender-balanced curriculum propose the continued silencing of all but a tiny fraction of the world's population. They have so little faith in this nation's potential to realize the democratic values we have so long espoused that they mistakenly believe that identifying the racism and sexism inherent in our past and present will weaken this nation rather than strengthen it.

-Paula Rothenberg

According to Eric Shulzke's article last week, nihilism is the disease, and I, along with Derrida and others, am spreading it. Absolutism is the cure. But Eric is a hypochondriac. The disease is in his head.

Eric repeats many of the same assertions I've heard since I criticized American Heritage last year: Only the West values freedom. People like me, who argue against universal values, are cutting our own throats. We are also responsible for the nihilistic world of teenagers murdering people who pray in their cars. We must continue to reassert our unique ideology, and avoid the "inane slough of multiculturalism."

Is multiculturalism contrary to democracy? Eric asserts that multiculturalists are relativists who do not believe in anything, will undermine democracy, will condone slavery, and so on. To prove his point, he offers a

single quote from Derrida, and concludes that, since communication is problematic, communication (and the sharing of values) is impossible. Bring on the Nazis.

It is unclear why, if I "view the barrier of language and culture as utterly unbridgeable," I would favor cultural pluralism. Anti-pluralists like Eric think the only "bridge" is one that buries the other culture and keeps the West on top. Conquer or alienate: this is a false choice. It seems absurd that I would declare impossible "any genuine communication between human beings," then call for more open classrooms and less dogmatism.

Eric wrongly associates multiculturalism—which begins with faith in our ability to reach one another in spite of insurmountable differences—with "isolationism," a position advanced by neither Derrida nor myself. I am not "infuriated," as Eric asserts, by the possibility of freedom and tolerance (why in the world would I be?); I simply believe that it is problematic and requires a bit of patience and willingness to "let the stranger in." Neither Derrida nor I deny the status of "truth." It is a valuable word; it acknowledges the sacred, the agreed-upon. But we all know truth changes for us, as we progress and learn more. And how else can we talk about it other than for us?

by matthew stannard

We never said we couldn't communicate, only that communication is a problem and that the absolutist's solution is a false one. So Eric has no basis for claiming I can't oppose Nazism, slavery or wife-burning (practices which, by the way, all rest on an appeal to unquestioned values).

continued on page 8

population, who are the ones who always suffer the most during recessions.

Another key principle that Ben and Jerryism offers concerns released time for employees to engage in community service. This proposition has two immediate advantages. In the first place, it provides more service to the community, which could significantly improve our social infrastructure. Employees could spend more time in schools, rest homes, homeless shelters, and other organizations that rely on volunteers. More importantly though, a large-scale community service program during work hours would create desperately needed jobs, as companies would be required to hire more employees to maintain production levels. If enough companies were willing to follow Ben and Jerry's lead in this matter, America could soon reach the ideal of full employment, boost community activity, and have a thousand points of light on every street corner.

The most remarkable thing about Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield is not that they rose from relative obscurity to become corporate superstars—people do that every day. The real success story is that they have managed to make a lot of money without becoming rich. Neither Ben nor Jerry lives in poverty. Both men have nice houses, serviceable cars, and enough money to send their children to college. The surprising thing is that most of their employees do, too. The federal government and the American public could learn a lot from Ben and Jerry: how to promote community service, instill loyalty in workers, and make money in a capitalistic system without exploiting anyone. If the government fails to learn the lesson, however, we can at least hope that someone in the Defense Department will figure out how to sell enough ice cream at three dollars a pint to pay for the next batch of airplanes. △

Eric's logic goes something like this: (1) If no Absolute Truth, then no morality. (2) If no morality, then people kill each other. (3) Thus, there must be absolute truth. People have been killing each other for millennia. How can Eric attribute murders in New Jersey to trendy nihilism? Obviously, the problem of deviance and violence is more complicated than that; shame on Eric for turning a complex tragedy into a simplistic illustration. Levinas and Derrida no more caused those murders than Fox and Hancock could prevent them. (And I doubt that an examination of social data would reveal any correlation between one's metaphysical foundations and one's sadistic bent.) Criminals need help. We all need help. But the answers don't come from axioms. They come from communication with other people; from working on it.

And I believe they come from our Heavenly Parents as well. Eric says: "...the 'love' of a creator implies transcendent ideals. And what would this 'revealing' creator reveal other than knowledge of such ideals?" Actually, the notion that transcendent ideals exist is exclusively Greek. No such ideals are found in our sacred texts; rather, our loving creator speaks to us, person to person, and gives us commandments, not transcendent ideals. He changes his mind, and our commandments, and we change our minds about what is right. He is a living, moving being, not an unmoved mover, not a Platonic demigod.

The point is not how to have objective ground, to say "with certainty" that some values are better than others. *We will always fail to do that.* The point is to *question* values; to see what goes on in value-making. If we admit that we formulate our values in response to pre-systematic encounters (this is the crux of Levinas), then the way in which those rules are formulated could be much more democratic, ethical and honest.

Questioning things is not the same as stomping on them. Eric writes: "The signers of the Declaration of Independence didn't ask Jefferson to prove that human beings were 'endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights.'" Nor, Eric, did they simply "take it on faith." Their beliefs arose from specific conversations and contexts. The fact that they didn't spew

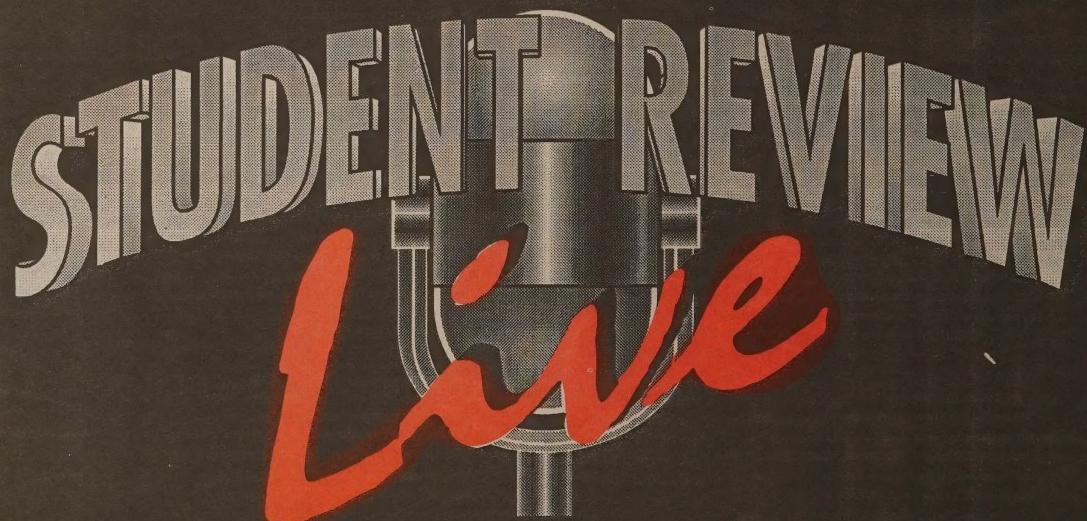
forth from some metaphysical fountain of Good doesn't make them any less genuine or beautiful. And what of the fact that the interpretation of these rights has been a problem—an unfinished, continuing paradox—facing legal authorities ever since Jefferson? Obviously, one does not need to step outside a system to question it, as Eric believes.

For the record, I do like freedom, and equality, and democracy. But my preference for them presupposes neither their transcendent necessity nor their meta-logical coherence. In fact, maybe it's "value" freedom more than Eric does. He thinks it's a grand necessity; I believe it is a desirable contingency—a "lucky break" that we ought to hold on to as long as we can. Eric thinks freedom fell from the sky, where the Good is. I say we built it from the ground up, progressing, goofing up, failing, trying again. Human agency means we decide what we want. And democracy means including as many people as possible in such decisions. Otherwise, why educate? "Why speak, why discuss?"

Eric wants to deify philosophical concepts, to "sell" them "on the streets," he writes. He doesn't trust most people to make their own decisions. But people will figure things out whether self-appointed guardians want them to or not. And if educators lie to them, invent grand schemes that fail to withstand critical scrutiny, what then? Lies, even well-intentioned ones (yes, like the ones told in American Heritage), are always found out. Nobody enjoys being lied to.

Notice that Eric, who hangs his entire criticism of me on one article published last year, gives not one argument in favor of the American Heritage positions, which he nevertheless insists are true. In fact, no one has bothered to answer my criticisms of the text or the course. The text is the laughingstock of the BYU community. Other professors ridicule it, as do former TA's. No one seems willing to defend it. Teaching people that we share a common history is one thing; omitting huge, telling chunks of that history is something else. Teaching people about the mechanics of democracy is one thing; hanging those mechanics on an ill-reasoned metaphysical ideology is another. If scholars cannot defend their assertions, why does that make me a nihilist?△

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hobbits and things: an interview with steven walker

An authority on 19th-century British literature, Professor Steven Walker is best known for dazzling students and building testimonies in his Christian Fantasy class. Concentrating on the works of J.R.R. Tolkien (The Lord of the Rings, etc.), Walker's class has reached cult proportions at BYU. We travelled to Walker's hobbit hole in the JKHB, fought our way past the hanging ivy, plants, and crushed pile of Diet Dr. Pepper cans, and asked him why.

SR: You have a mattress and a pillow hanging on your door. Have you actually slept here before?

W: I have. I need a stretch of time before I can get into my research or writing. I work at home sometimes, but it's quieter here. I used to be able to work through the night, but lately I have to take a nap because I lose my stamina.

SR: How is it that a Utah boy from Pleasant Grove ended up getting a Ph.D. in English literature from Harvard?

W: Well, I started at BYU intending to teach seminary, and I studied English mainly because I wanted to have some stories to tell my students. In fact, I went through the whole program and student taught up at Lehi High School. The Church offered me a job teaching seminary here in Utah County—which at that time was considered a plum assignment—but at the same time, I was offered a position here at BYU on the basis of having taught Freshman Composition while I was a student. That prompted some real soul searching. Eventually, I decided that what I really wanted to do was to address moral values in my teaching, but to do that as a seminary teacher seemed a little “programmatic” to me—you know, when you'd bear your testimony to your students, they would say, “He's being paid to say that.” But in an English class, if you're

b y r u s s e l l f o x
talking about Tolkien and you make reference in the discussion to your faith and convictions, the students would be more likely to accept it as real.

SR: So, you graduated from BYU in 1965, then decided to stay on for your master's degree and to teach—for how long?

W: For three years. I left for Harvard in 1969. Back then the department would subsidize you in pursuit of a Ph.D. if you would return to teach at half salary your first year. I had served my mission in New England and knew some people at Harvard, so I applied, was accepted, and off my wife and I went.

SR: What were you planning to do your dissertation on?

W: Dylan Thomas. He was representative of a period and style I enjoyed. Actually, I really enjoyed 19th and early 20th century

American literature, but at Harvard I found I had some real gaps in my knowledge of British literature. As I filled in those gaps, I specialized in Victorian poetry and literature, mainly because at Harvard, “Modern British Literature” was defined as anything from 1800 on, so that allowed me to taste Romantic, Victorian and Modern literature. I really liked the breadth. But, eventually, I focused on Modern British poetry.

SR: Did your parents introduce literature to you?

W: My father was an English teacher. He was very good, and I really didn't want to compete with him. But I did read a lot when I was young, and eventually I began writing. The funny thing is that I never took literature seriously—I considered it the “dessert” of life.

SR: It may have been “dessert” to you, but I've heard you say that you never really cared for what most people would call “dessert reading” when you were young—you never read Fantasy or Science Fiction while growing up, did you?

W: No, I didn't. What I wanted out of literature was realism, a sense of relevance to life, and I thought I found that more in “realistic” literature than in Westerns or Science Fiction or pulp Fantasy. But then I found Tolkien, and my feelings about realism changed.

SR: How did you discover *The Lord of the Rings*?

W: It was during my Ph.D. program. I had travelled to England on scholarship with my family to do research on Dylan Thomas, and I discovered at the British Museum Library that the book I was planning on writing had not only been written, but had been written better than I was going to

write it. That was a bit depressing. And it was a rainy British Christmas season, so I

really wasn't in a good mood. I went into a used bookstore and bought a copy of *The Lord of the Rings*, which was very unusual for me, since I didn't really ever read Fantasy.

SR: You had heard about the series before, hadn't you?

W: Oh yes. I was in England over the Christmas of 1971, and by the early 70s, Tolkien dominated the literary circles and universities of America. This was the time of “Frodo Lives,” and all that. There was graffiti in the subways—

SR: Smeagol died for your sins.”

W: Exactly! It was a fad.

SR: Did you dislike that fad?

W: Yes, I did. I figured, if these books are this popular, they can't possibly be any better than television. But I bought the books, walked home through the rain,

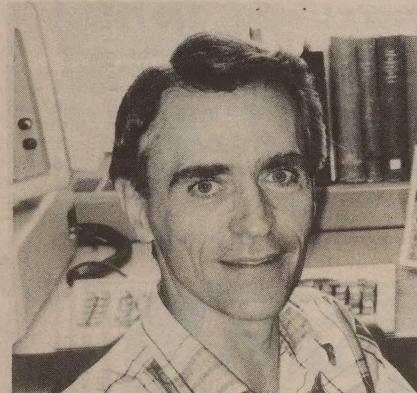
started to read them, and I couldn't stop. I read for 24 hours straight, and finished them all—*Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Two Towers*, *Return of the King*—in one sitting. Didn't sleep. Didn't eat. When I finished reading the series about noon the next day—and I read all the appendices too; something I'd never done in a book before—I nearly wept because there wasn't any more to read. It was the most exciting reading I have ever had.

SR: What is it that caught fire when you read the books?

W: Tolkien taught me that the imaginative world is where we really live. I felt a real kinship with that idea. He takes us back to our childhood, in a magical, yet realistic manner. It's almost impossible to avoid the

SR: That may be true, but didn't Tolkien say he just wanted *The Lord of the Rings* to be considered a good story? His preface to the books states plainly that the work isn't allegorical.

W: There's a difference between allegorical and archetypical. His series isn't an allegory of anything—it's a wonderful story in a magical setting. But because it was written so well, it allows us to identify with it in archetypical fashion. We have Aragorn, the ultimate “Hero with a Thousand Faces”—ranger, thief, prince, spy, general. And people can find so many elements of their own lives in the hobbits. Douglas Stuart, a Vietnam veteran, wrote an entire book on the conflict entitled *The Hobbit War*. There were things that came out of Desert Storm



invitation. The books are like the best of scripture in that way. Many who have read the books have found in them—as I did—a call to the “hobbitness” inside us. It's a feeling of renewal, of being capable of growth and change.

SR: Why do you suppose that reading Tolkien is such an immediate experience for so many people?

W: Tolkien was a master of words. He worked for the ability to describe situations and characters in archetypical terms, often leaving the portrait of things at that and thus forcing the reader to fill in the details. People who want the author to supply lots of the extraneous details will not like Tolkien. But those who are willing to enter the world his words make (make it kind of a do-it-yourself adventure if you will) get a whole lot more out of him. I like to pass around artwork and illustrations from Tolkien calendars in my class, and invariably, the students don't care for them—they've already painted their own hobbits in their minds. His words invoke mystical archetypes, and thus his work, as fun an adventure as it may be, also becomes representative of something much larger to all of us.

that employed the same imagery. And religion too. You have to work hard not find Christ figures throughout the books, from Gandalf to Frodo and Sam, even to Boromir and Gollum. Tolkien, who was a very religious Catholic, invites us to see Christ-like potential within ourselves. And he does it all in a stylistically wonderful, absolutely believable fantasy. It was such an amazing accomplishment I decided to write my dissertation on his books.

SR: You wrote your doctoral dissertation on *The Lord of the Rings*?

W: Yes, at Harvard no less. I just wrote the thing and turned it in, complete. I was amazed when they accepted it.

SR: What did you write on?

W: The narrative technique in the series. Tolkien was a linguist, and his real specialty was Old English and the epic poetic form. He created his elvish language before he ever wrote the books. To Tolkien, words mattered, and he slaved over them. His books are far more substantive than many would accept, and that's not just

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GRAYWHALE



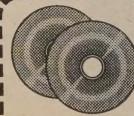
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ARTS & LEISURE

piano scavenging

Looking for some ivories to tickle? No, I'm not talking about finding a partner to play dentist. Nor am I advocating harassing a certain, large, grey, endangered species. I'm talking about pianos.

University life can be hard on students who need a regular piano fix. Owning a piano is usually out of the question. (Even if you could find one smaller than your room and actually pay for it, most roommates would respond with appreciable antipathy.) A far more practicable solution lies on campus. Call it, piano scavenging.

The BYU campus abounds with pianos that want you to come and play them. They are tired of being monopolized by Sunday hymns and well-meant productions of "I Heard Him Come." They need positive affirmation in the form of weekday action. They need to feel they are

still good for Chopin mazurkas, Elizabethan pavans, Joplin rags, and traditional Yiddish songs and dances. Show them that you care. Don't be afraid to make the first move.

by kevin trent bergeson

If you want to find nice pianos, you must seek them out. But where are all the good ones? To assist the fledgling piano scavenger, I have compiled the following *Guide to Campus Pianos*.

(1) *HFAC practice rooms*. This most obvious of options has drawbacks. Practice rooms are like study carrels—even if you find one that isn't taken, you might have to "vacate upon request." Look around elsewhere in the HFAC. Pianos, like happiness and ingrown hairs, have a way of popping up in unexpected places.

(2) *MSRB commons room*. This place is packed with amenities. You get a fridge and a microwave, and there's a Xerox handy so you won't have to turn pages. Usually people study here, but if you practice something you don't know very well, you can get them to leave.

(3) *ELWC step-down lounge*. This piano has those crisp, responsive keys you will learn to value as a piano scavenger. But remember—you're in public. You're performing. Don't get defensive if a *real*

piano student comes to tell you you're clipping the treble notes during the *accelerando* part of that Russian gypsy ballad you've worked so hard on. Also, keep in mind that you are affecting BYU's image—no "Chopsticks" or "Heart and Soul," please. And be prepared for people to come ask you how long you've played the piano, and whether you know "The Entertainer."

(4) *SWKT 250* (site of *International Cinema*). Another set of crisp, responsive keys. Go for it, if you have any strength left after removing the obnoxiously heavy cover.

(5) *deJong Concert Hall lobby*. This is class—antiques with very attractive consoles and plenty of character. I don't know what happens to people caught playing these. (Forced attendance at Music 113 classes, maybe.)

(6) *Alumni House*. This piano has really weird legs. Try playing along with the light n' easy favorites being piped in.

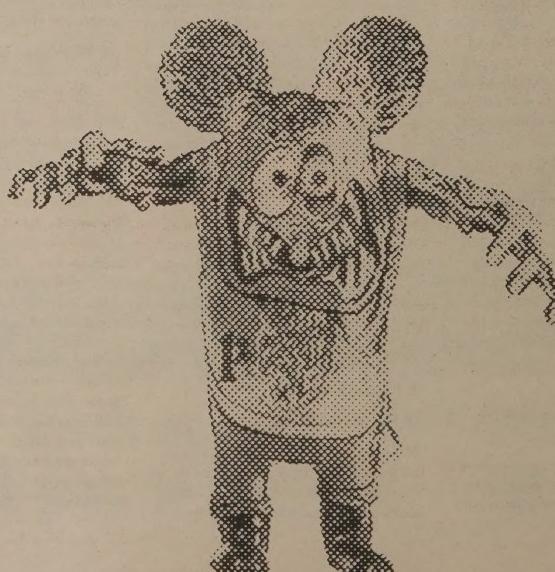
(7) *Testing Center*. People are funny about listening to you practice the piano while they cram for tests. However, studies show that slow baroque pieces actually *improve* mental concentration.

(8) *JKHB, MARB*. Classrooms galore, pianos galore, but also people galore. Like opinionated Asian Studies professors, you run the risk of being silenced. Face it, the world is full of piano-hating philistines who don't know a polonaise from a polka.

(9) *Dorm lobbies*. Okay, if you get desperate. There is always a very young couple on the couch pushing the limits of PDA, and it's usually impossible to ignore them. Try playing "I Am a Child of God."

(10) *KMB dance halls*. If you wonder how you look while you play the piano, the huge wall-sized mirrors should prove invaluable.

Remember, this list is far from comprehensive. (I have omitted my personal favorites, for example.) Look around. Scavenge. Dare to bother people. You'll be glad you did. △



is god one of us? a question of creed vs. community

"Where is your code, your particular creed?" says one. It fills eternity; it is all truth in heaven, or earth or in hell. This is "Mormonism." It embraces every true science; all true philosophy.

—Brigham Young

How do Mormons respond to this question today? Is there a Mormon creed? Perhaps we could point to the Articles of Faith as the Mormon creed. Perhaps we could point to the missionary discussions. It seems popular for Mormons today to distinguish themselves from other religions by means of certain doctrinal tenets like the truth of the Book of Mormon, the Word of Wisdom, or the existence of a living prophet. Such responses to the question of creed seem innocent enough. But why didn't Brigham Young respond to the question with one of these tenets?

I don't claim to know why, but I think that the fact that he didn't give one of today's typical responses should give Mormons cause to consider what is distinctive about being Mormon. Brigham declared that the distinction is claiming all truth as our own, whether in heaven, earth, or hell. If "all truth" is the Mormon creed, then fragmentary lists such as the Articles of Faith or the missionary discussions will not do.

Nor will the traditional dichotomy between reason and revelation. Belief in creeds lends itself to belief in unchanging, absolute principles. These absolute principles, which revelation supposedly arrives at, are often juxtaposed with the temporary conclusions of human reason. While reason struggles to know reality, revelation has the assurance that it is right and always will be. Revelation even has the power to proscribe certain topics from the realm of reason, for example, the origin of the human race. According to the creeds of revelation, it is a foregone conclusion that nothing was born or died before the fall of Adam.

The reason/revelation dichotomy has been getting good mileage at BYU in the last year. In February 1991, Elder Boyd K. Packer gave a devotional address in which he assumed that the demise of the church-sponsored university in the United States has the potential to affect BYU in that BYU, too, could be overcome by secular

by john m. armstrong

interests at the expense of religious ones. He quoted an essay entitled "The Death of Religious Higher Education" published in *First Things*, January 1991, which warned of the relinquishment of religious convictions in the pursuit of academic excellence. Elder Packer, after citing the "ancient conflict between reason and revelation" said,

There are two opposing convictions in the university environment. On the one hand 'seeing is believing'; on the other: 'believing

is seeing.' Both are true! Each in its place. The combining of the two individually or institutionally is the challenge of life. Neither influence will easily surrender to the other. They may function for a time under some sort of a truce, but the subtle discord is ever present.

The reason/revelation dichotomy showed up in Bruce Hafen's university conference address last September. His metaphor for this dichotomy was "Our professional credentials may have earned us passports to Athens, but our citizenship must always remain in Jerusalem."

President Lee also endorsed this sort of view in his latest devotional address. He postulated that there are things that change and things that don't. He cited the Word of Wisdom and the Law of Chastity as examples of unchangeable principles. He talked as if these laws and other moral standards are inscribed somewhere in the heavens, somewhere outside of God himself, with such power that even God is subject to obey them. He claimed that Paul holds the same view as he does, but failed to give a reference. But it is no wonder that Lee and others cannot support their views with scripture since the dichotomies they insist upon are taken wholly from the history of Western philosophy.

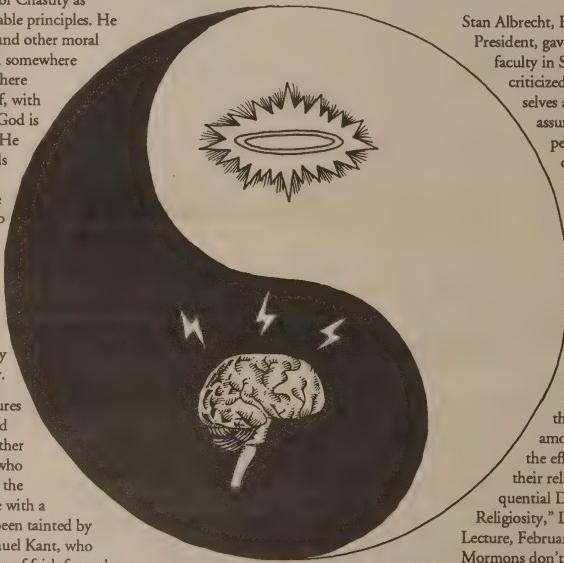
Two philosophical figures who divided reason and revelation from each other are Thomas Aquinas, who attempted to reconcile the philosophy of Aristotle with a Christianity that had been tainted by Platonism, and Immanuel Kant, who separated the operations of faith from those of reason because faith cannot know what it claims to know. The split that Aquinas and Kant, among others, created is what Packer, Hafen, and Lee consider to be the way things really are. When confronted with the historical contingency of what they thought were unchanging truths, the proponents of the dichotomy can only stamp their feet and insist that there really are absolute principles out there somewhere.

Such persons are examples of the ascetic priests that Friedrich Nietzsche so vehemently criticizes in *On the Genealogy of Morals*. It seems to me that Mormons do not have to buy into this dichotomy and would be far better off if they didn't. The tendency to think that there are a-temporal moral absolutes also need not find a home among Mormons, for the scriptures are clear that God makes these rules. One scripture reads,

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundation of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated" (D&C 130:21). In other words, some moral laws are decreed. Who decrees them? God the Father, for He is the only Absolute. Therefore, absolute truth is not that which is independent of God, but that which is made by Him. It is simply a mistake to grant an independently absolute status to moral prescriptions such as the Word of Wisdom when such pronouncements have been given and withdrawn at God's will.

Why do we as Latter-day Saints need to subscribe to this split world view? We certainly seem to have enough warrant to reject it out-of-hand since Joseph Smith described God as a corporeal person and hu-

mans as



potential gods. The two worlds aren't so far apart after all. I think that we should rather subscribe to Joseph's and Brigham's holistic vision of education which includes God as a member of our community and a partner in our conversation. No longer do we need to simply insist on nonnegotiable principles as dictated by an amorphous God when the real God is willing to reason with us. In other words, the only reason to insist that revelation can proscribe certain topics from the realm of reason is that some people, in the name of revelation, simply aren't willing to join the conversation. Fortunately, God is not among their company.

God describes himself as a reasoner. He says, "Come now, and let us reason together" (Isaiah 1:18); "With him that cometh I will reason as with men in days old, and I will show unto you my strong reasoning" (D&C 45:10); "Hearken and I will reason with you" (45:15); "When a

man reasoneth he is understood of man, because he reasoneth as a man; even so will I, the Lord, reason with you that you may understand" (50:12). If God is willing to reason, then it is a mistake confine God to a realm of revelation. Everyone that enters the community of God must be willing to reason just as God does. Some are not the revealers and others the reasoners. All influences must be maintained with persuasion, gentleness, and love.

Therefore, the reason/revelation dichotomy is not apt for a community of saints. Neither is the skepticism/faith dichotomy, which is often equated with reason/revelation. Faith in God is our common ground, but what that faith means is not for any one member of the community to dictate.

Stan Albrecht, BYU's Academic Vice President, gave a poignant address to the faculty in September 1991. He

criticized those who "wrap themselves and their work in the flag of assumed gospel truth," for these people "in the protective coating of their own special interpretation of the gospel foreclose discussion."

Albrecht shared his vision of a Mormon scholarly community where there is mutual respect and encouragement for each other's work. Albrecht's impatience with those who see themselves as fighting a holy war is warranted by his own research. He knows

that Mormons are anomalous among American religions in the effect that education has on their religiosity (cf. "The Consequential Dimension of Mormon Religiosity," Distinguished Faculty Lecture, February 15, 1989). He knows that Mormons don't need to be spooked by those who want to sacrifice academic excellence on behalf of "religious values" because there is, in fact, a demonstrated symbiotic relationship between learning and Mormon religiosity.

The real danger to BYU, and the Church in general, is the adoption of false dichotomies that the Restoration sought to overcome. We should heed Brigham Young's warning: "I will tell you who the real fanatics are: they are they who adopt false principles and ideas as facts, and try to establish a superstructure upon a false foundation. They are the fanatics; and however ardent and zealous they may be, they may reason or argue on false premises till doomsday, and the result will be false" (JD 13:271). The reason/revelation dichotomy is deadly to true religion, as is a creed that does not claim all truth as its own. And truth is possible only insofar as we reason among ourselves and include God as one of us. △

i wanna rock

Everyone in the Church knows that the Book of Mormon is "the keystone of our religion." The Savior, we acknowledge, is "the cornerstone of our religion." And the Doctrine and Covenants has recently been touted as "the capstone of our religion." **b y p i e r r e d e l a f o i** This raises some important religious and geological questions: What are the other "stones of our religion," and how long will it take the Church to publicize them? Well, thanks to some diligent infiltration of the HBLL's secret fourth-floor vault, *Students Review* has discovered the identity of many more sacred stones. We are proud to list them for your further light and knowledge.

- Missionary Training Center: *The sharpening stone of our religion*
The *Ensign's* "Mormon Journal": *The blarney stone of our religion*
LDS dating scene: *The grindstone of our religion*
The Godmakers: *The gallstone of our religion*
Palmyra, New York: *The Yellowstone of our religion*
Bonneville Communications: *The Oliver Stone of our religion*
Copies of the *Daily Universe* scattered through the library: *The cobblestones of our religion*
Ty Detmer: *The pet rock of our religion*
The Osmonds: *The rhinestones of our religion*
The polygamous era: *The Stone Age of our religion*
"This is the Place" monument: *The Plymouth Rock of our religion*
The Solomon Spaulding manuscript: *The kidney stone of our religion*
Macchu Pichu, Brazil: *The Stonehenge of our religion*
Hurriedly-baptized South American members: *The sandstone of our religion*
General Authorities Emeritus: *The petrified wood of our religion*
"Alternate voices": *The Sunstone of our religion*
The KSL satellite: *The seerstone of our religion*
Green Jell-O: *The limestone of our religion*
The Miracle of Forgiveness: *The fire and brimstone of our religion*
PGA golfers: *The hailstones of our religion*
The RLDS Church: *The stone's-throw from our religion*
Apostasy: *The tombstone of our religion*
Paul H. Dunn inspirational cassettes: *The fool's gold of our religion*
Utah politicians: *The people—who-live-in—glass-houses—shouldn't—throw-stones of our religion*
BYU football team: *The stoned of our religion*
Afterglow, Janice Kapp Perry, Lex deAzevedo, et al.: *The Rolling Stones of our religion*
Thomas S. Monson: *The Fred Flintstone of our religion*

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• FUN PAGE •

THE FUSCO BROTHERS

by J.C. Duffy



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Call 328-1062 for info.

ART

Mar. 19 - 20, Master of Fine Arts Exhibit, B. F. Larsen Gallery and Secured Gallery.

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Vatican, 011-39-6-6982.
Kremlin, 011-0107-095-295
9051.
White House, 202-456-1414.
Governor, 538-1000.
Center for Women and Children in Crises, 374-9351.
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.
Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.
UTA, 375-4636.
Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.

clip and save

LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.
Legacy Foundation, for information concerning orientation issues, call 373-0515.

REVIEW RADIO

Student Review Live every

Monday thru Friday from 11pm - 12 midnight on AM 960. Call and say I love you. 373-9600

SUNDANCE

Sundance Indoor Theatre "Side By Side By Sondheim", Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm. Tickets are \$10. Call 225-4107 for tickets.

OTHER

Every Tuesday from March thru October there will be road bike races at the West Stadium Parking Lot. Call Outdoor Unlimited at 378-2708 or Randy Larsen at 370-2367 for info.
Monday night poetry, 7-8pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State

Orem.
Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.
BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., call 378-5396.
Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWF at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., free Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.

Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

LECTURES

Mar. 27, Symposium "German's Beyond the Wall", 9am-5pm, 238 HRBCB.

SPORTS

Volleyball

Mar. 19 - 20, Cal-St. Northridge

Mar. 21, Ohio St.

Gymnastics

Men's

Mar. 27, WAC Championships- Team, 7pm, SFH
Mar. 28, WAC Championships- Individual, 2pm, SFH
Women's
Mar. 28, WAC Championships, Marriott Center, 7pm

EDITOR'S CHOICE

This Friday March 20, Sam I Am is playing at the Woman's Cultural Center with two other bands. Three dollars guarantees a good time.

Now that it's getting warm start planning that picnic, hiking or camping trip.

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ARTICLE 99 (5:00) 7:15 9:30 R	
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